

CHEAP FLOUR, BAKED BREAD.

Some Things Which Fannie the Average Citizen of St. Louis.

In view of the great reduction of the price of flour within the last year, a great many people have wondered why bread continues to be sold for 5 cents a loaf and the loaf not perceptibly increased. The reduction in the price of flour between Dec. 1, 1905, and Nov. 29, 1905, according to the official quotations was as follows: Patent, last year, \$3.35 and \$3.35; this year, \$2.95 and \$3.10. Extra fancy, last year, \$3.05 and \$3.15; this year, \$2.65 and \$2.75. Fancy, last year, \$2.50 and \$2.60; this year, \$2.10 and \$2.20. Lower grades, last year, from \$2 to \$2.35, and about the same at present. Now, these are the prices at which bakers and retailers buy flour, and while reasonable people do not expect to derive the whole of an advantage that amounts to almost 35 per cent, they do expect to get some benefit from the increase in size of loaves. Such advantages have not been theirs. On the contrary, while the loaves have not increased in size or the price been reduced, many householders declare that never before have the poor qualities in the commercial bread been so conspicuous. The only explanation that the bakers and retailers can give is the reduced sales of flour in large lots. The bakers say that since the reduction people have taken to baking their own bread to an extent not hitherto known to the trade since commercial bread became the fashion. This practice of baking bread at home has largely reduced sales to retailers, and while the latter get some reduction in price they say that the decrease in the sales has been so great that they cannot afford to share that advantage with their customers. But this does not explain the almost universal poor quality of the bread at the present time, and the grocers are silent when they are questioned upon the subject.—St. Louis Republic.

THE BAR AT LIVERPOOL.

Its Removal, a Gigantic Task, Now Almost an Accomplished Fact.

The brief announcement the other day that the White Star line steamship Majestic, drawing 24 feet, had passed over the bar at Liverpool with three feet of water under her keel shows that the great work of removing the chief impediment to navigation in the Mersey is nearly accomplished. The engineers of the Liverpool dock board state that under the worst possible conditions there is a depth of 20 feet of water over the bar, the great sandbank having been cut down no less than nine feet, and the debris bodily transported and dumped far from the bar on a site where it can do no possible harm. During the three years that the work has been going on no less than 3,383,000 tons of sand have been removed. Allowing the rough measurement of a hundred weight of sand to a cubic foot, it appears that no less than 7,958,888 cubic yards of material have been shifted. This is said to be a record in the matter of dredging operations, and many other startling figures are quoted. During a recent week, for instance, the three dredgers working at the bar removed no less than 155,000 tons of sand, a machine called the Brucker alone lifting and dumping 120,000 tons of this enormous total, while in a little over three months almost 1,000,000 tons of sand were dredged and placed on the dumping site. The arrival of the Brucker changed all calculations, the effect of the continuous working of a vessel capable of lifting between 3,000 tons of sand in less than an hour being something tremendous.—Chicago Times.

Mourning Stamps Suggested.

Assistant Postmaster James Gayler has many callers daily, among them some persons with queer missions. A man who bore in his hand a letter in an envelope of mourning paper, for Mr. Gayler recently. He wanted to know: "Isn't there any way that I can get mourning stamps?" "Mourning stamps? I never heard of any," said Mr. Gayler in some astonishment. "I should think the government would print some. It is dreadful to put a big, ordinary C-hambrian stamp, or even an ordinary one of the garish red color, on a letter of mourning. The stamp simply destroys all the effect of the black border. There ought to be a mourning stamp to harmonize with the envelope." Mr. Gayler promised to lay the request before the department at Washington.—New York Tribune.

Chancing to Pay a Bet.

Herrmann's theater has a new attraction—a lady nurse. The young lady, who is very good looking and who disposes herself in a titian tinted wig, made her debut in this capacity last night and will continue to labor for the rest of the week. Manager Hill said that the young lady, whose name he declared he did not know, was paying a bet she had made with one of her friends. A friend of his had arranged the thing and that was all she knew about it. The young lady performed her duties carefully and courteously, but she declined to give her name or any information as to herself.—New York Mirror.

A Legacy of the Fair.

There are thousands of unemployed servant girls, good ones, too, now seeking situations. Every employment office in the city has 50 girls who want employment to an application for their services. The housekeepers in suburban towns and the smaller country places within reaching distance of the city, who had such a hard time of it during the fair, cannot only now get all the servants they want, but can virtually dictate prices to them.—Chicago Tribune.

California Mid-Winter Show.

The California Midwinter exposition is at last outlined as it will be when the gates are thrown open on New Year's day. It will cover 160 acres of ground and have 75 buildings, excluding such structures as kiosks and small restaurants.—San Francisco Dispatch.

Women Clerks in Washington.

There have been great changes in the government departments in the last 30 years. The first woman regularly employed was put on the rolls of the navy department 25 years ago. She was a young widow, and the officials considered it an awful problem how to dispose of her. Finally they hit upon a plan to treat her as if she was a man, and she received and replied by a messenger. She was 30 years old, and so on, so speak.—New York Tribune.

UNITED IN DEATH.

Two Polish Young Allegheny Girls Take the Poison Route to the Beyond.

"I have kept my promise to the dead." With this exclamation Jennie McDonald, the 15-year-old daughter of James McDonald of Allegheny, fell unconscious into the doorway of her father's house. Dr. Griffiths was hastily summoned. He saw the girl was suffering from a poisonous drug and administered an antidote. It had no effect, however, and she died in less than 30 minutes. Miss McDonald was the school "chum" of Mamie Hippie, the 15-year-old daughter of Dr. Hippie, who committed suicide on Tuesday by taking a dose of acid because her mother scolded her for playing truant. Instead of being at school the two girls attended the performance at a museum. While on her deathbed Mamie expressed a desire to see Jennie alone. The girls had an interview. Jennie refused to tell her mother what it was about. They did not press her. When the funeral of Mamie took place, among the mourners were the McDonald family. Upon their arrival home Mr. McDonald tried to learn the secret between his daughter and the dead girl. She refused to divulge it, saying she would tell her mother when they were questioned upon the subject.—Pittsburgh Correspondence.

WILLING TO HOLD THE BABY.

Mr. Gilbert Willing a Smiling Young Woman, Who at Once Let the Truth.

Abraham Gilbert is a worthy citizen of the neighboring village of Branchville. He is married and the father of a small family. On Thursday, while returning in the train from Danbury, he noticed among his fellow passengers a young and rather attractive woman, apparently a widow, who held in her arms a handsomely dressed infant about 5 months old. As the train slowed up for the stop at Bethel the woman asked Mr. Gilbert if he would be so kind as to hold her baby while she spoke to a friend who was waiting at the station. Mr. Gilbert jumped at the chance, for he is very fond of pretty babies, and while the train waited he dandled the youngster on his knee, called it a little toasty wootsy and sadly disarranged its fine apparel. The train started, and Mr. Gilbert prepared to surrender his charge, but the mother did not appear. Mr. Gilbert was certain that she had missed the train by accident, and that she was at that time fretting herself almost to death about the child, but the older and more experienced travelers smiled grimly and concluded that Mr. Gilbert was the victim of an old trick. When the train reached Branchville, Mr. Gilbert tried to get the train hands to assume the custody of the child, but they asserted that there was nothing in the rules and regulations of the road that compelled them to do so, and nothing mentioned for Mr. Gilbert but to take the baby home and place it among his own. He did so, and the little stranger is in excellent hands. The child is a boy. The woman was handsomely dressed and was a well which almost completely hid her features. No effort has been made to find her.—Norwalk (Conn.) Dispatch.

Disagreeable Stupidity.

Commissioner Senner has decided to send Gustav Weingarten back to Germany on the ground that he is a weak-minded man and that he is a waste of money. His parents arrived in care for him. Weingarten came on the Roland, Nov. 14, and went to the house of his sister Emma, 16 Garden street, Brooklyn. She took him to Ellis island Saturday. Her father, she said, was Professor Dorens Weingarten of the faculty of the University of Wurzburg. Having studied dentistry, the boy commenced his career in this country as an assistant in a Brooklyn dentist's office. Gustav put a young woman patient under the influence of gas and drew six of her front teeth, all sound, for which he was dismissed. His sister got him in position after another, all of which he lost by reason of his stupidity.—New York World.

Stole the Girls' Skirts.

The young ladies at Washburn college have a class in gymnastics and are required to dress in "Washburn costume," a long skirt to conceal their costumes while going to and from the gymnasium. Last week while they were going through their exercises one of the boys at the college removed their skirts from the dressing room, and it was some time before they could get back to their rooms without missing the points of the male students. The facts were reported to the faculty, and upon investigation the student was found who was responsible for the caper, and it was decided to expel him.—Topeka Dispatch.

Yellowstone Park Closed.

All life and activity in the pleasure resorts of Yellowstone park have ceased, and the gay season at the hotels has ended. All of the hotels and lunch stands have been closed for the winter, and the dense forests, great geysers and other natural attractions have been left to the wild animals that roam those vast domains and to the soldiers that are left to protect them.—Butte City Miner.

Paris Students' Hall.

There is just now a great dispute over the question whether the students' hall should take place this winter. Police interference with one of the ousted last summer's riots in Paris. Prominent members of the French Students' association have threatened to resign unless the halls are abandoned.—Paris Letter.

A Football Game Occurred Saturday.

Between the teams of Ladoga and Jamestown. The star player of the Ladoga team was James Tobin, the center rush, a magnificent specimen of the physical man, over 6 feet in height and 240 pounds in weight. Tobin has been nearly two years past on a stranger diet than any football player ever before submitted to. Since July 1, 1905, Tobin has eaten nothing except ice cream. Two years ago he was attacked by indigestion and rapidly lost his physical powers. North Ashland gave an account of the adventures of a misadventure of the Episcopal church. It was published at 137 Market street, near Baltimore street.—

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

AS A CONSEQUENCE HIS WEDDING COST HIM A LITTLE EXTRA.

He Was So Gay, on His First Journey Away From Home, and Didn't Have to Show His Tickets—He Turned Out to Be a Pretty Good Good Man After All.

G. F. Daly, general passenger agent of the Lake Erie and Western was standing one afternoon in the Union depot at Kansas City. The west bound train had backed up on their allotted tracks and were receiving their passengers. A tall, well dressed man with a lady on his arm presently approached the rear sleeper on the Burlington train. Mr. Daly's experienced eye told him at a glance that they were bride and groom. Without hesitation or inquiry of any kind the man was proceeding to hand his ticket up the steps of the Pullman sleeper when the conductor demanded his tickets. "Oh, I have got my tickets all right," replied the tourist. "I know where I am going, and I don't need to show my tickets to you."

"I am very sorry at having to inconvenience you," replied the conductor affably, "but my instructions are not to allow any one to get on my train without first seeing his tickets." "There is no law to make me show you my tickets," growled the man. "I haven't got to, and I don't mean to, I tell you. I know where I am going. Give me my tickets and an able to take care of myself. I am no jay, out on my first trip abroad."

"I am sorry," again replied the conductor courteously, "but my instructions are peremptory. Stand aside, please, and let these other passengers into the car." "Oh, show him your tickets, dear, and do not make all this fuss about so simple a matter," sweetly remarked the bride. "No, I will not," replied the gentleman. "I haven't got to, and now that my ire is aroused over this thing I don't propose to back down. I know where I am going and how to take care of myself."

"There is our superintendent of car service. You may speak to him about this matter," said the conductor as he saw his superior officer approach. "If he says you can board the car without showing your ticket, why, it will be all right." "What is the trouble here?" asked the car superintendent as he came up to see what the altercation was about. "Your conductor demands that I show him my ticket before I board the car," replied the man. "I say I have not got to and do not mean to. I know where I am going and am able to look after myself."

"Have you got your tickets?" asked the superintendent. "Yes, I have them in my pocket all right. I know what I am doing." "Have you got your sleeping car tickets?" "Yes, I have it all right in my pocket. It is for section 7. I know what I am doing. I tell you." "Oh, well, let the man on the car," said the superintendent. "If he has his tickets, as he says he has, it is not worth while contending with him over the matter and delaying the other passengers."

The conductor stepped aside and let the couple pass, calling the porter to take the couple as he did so. Presently the train pulled out of the depot and was speeding across the prairie at a rapid rate, when the conductor began to collect the tickets in the sleeping car. As he did so he noticed that all the seats in section 7 were occupied, and he immediately surmised that there was a peg out of place somewhere, and that there would be more fun with the obstreperous passenger. He kept his counsel to himself, however, and went on with his collections. When he reached section 7, he took the tickets of the two parties occupying the seats opposite his bride friends, saw that they were for that section, and the upper and lower berths respectively—and his surmise was thereby developed into a certainty. Without asking the man again for his ticket he passed through all the other sleeping cars on the train, took up all the tickets and found that every berth was occupied without leaving any for his friends. "Tickets, please," demanded the train conductor. The man drew forth his pasteboards, and the conductor examined them closely. "These tickets do not read over this road," remarked the conductor as he folded them up and handed them back. "This is the direct route to Denver from Kansas City. Your tickets read route by Portland."

"What is the fare from Kansas City to Denver?" asked the man. "The fare is \$18.15," replied the train conductor—"\$18.30 for two." The money was counted out without a word. "Can you sell me a berth?" asked the man, turning to the sleeping car conductor. "I am very sorry, but every berth on this train is sold. The best I can do for you is to put you in a chair car. There are a few seats still unoccupied there. Perhaps, take this gentleman's traps to the chair car." On reaching the door of the car the man turned, and in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the car said: "Conductor, at the suggestion of this lady, my wife, I want to make you a humble apology for my boresome behavior in refusing to show you my tickets in the first place. There was no occasion for it. I thought I could take care of myself, but now I find I cannot. I have had to pay for my ill breeding, but no more than I deserve. I want to apologize as publicly as the offense was committed. You have acted the gentleman all through this affair, and I now humbly apologize to you as I ought."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Thomas McGraw, a lawyer, has received from President Cleveland an autograph letter thanking him for the presentation of a book which was published by the granddaughters of the president. Mr. McGraw found the book some time since in a secondhand book store, and being a bibliophile remembered that the ancestral ancestors of the president were named Neals and that his grandfather had been in the book publishing business. The book was entitled "Buchanan's Adventures in Asia" and gave an account of the adventures of a misadventure of the Episcopal church. It was published at 137 Market street, near Baltimore street.—

A MODEL SAVAGE.

King Khama is an Ancestor of the Best Possible Type.

King Khama is a model savage, if a black man who has been thoroughly civilized by European and missionary influences can still be called one. He is an ancestor of the best possible type, whose influence in his country is entirely thrown into the scale of virtue for the suppression of vice. Such a thing as theft is unknown in his realm. He will not allow his subjects to make or drink beer. He has put a stop also to the existence of witch doctors and their wiles throughout all the Bamangwato. He conducts in person services every Sunday in his large, round huts, or place of assembly, standing beneath the trees of justice and the wide canopy of heaven in a truly patriarchal style. He is keen in the suppression of all superstitions and acts publicly the flesh of the dukyer, a sort of roebuck, which was formerly the totem of the tribe and held as sacred among them 20 years ago. The late King Sikkone, Khama's father, would not so much as step on a dukyer skin, and it is still looked upon with more veneration by his subjects than Khama would wish.

As an instance of Khama's power and judgment, it is sufficient for us to quote the sudden change of his capital from Shoshong to the present site, Palapwe. Shoshong was in a strong position, where the Bamangwato could effectually protect themselves from the Matabele raids under Lobengula, but it was badly supplied with water, and in dry seasons the inhabitants suffered greatly from drought. The change of capital had been a subject discussed for years, but Khama waited quietly until people began to think that he was against it and would never move. He waited, in fact, until he was sure of British protection, until he knew that Lobengula could not attack his people at Palapwe without embroiling himself in a war with England.

Then suddenly one day, without any previous warning, King Khama gave orders for the move, and the exodus began on the next day, and in two months' time 15,000 individuals were located in their new capital, 60 miles away from Shoshong. Under Khama's direction, everything was conducted in the best possible order. To every man was given his allotment of land, and he was told to build his huts there. Not a single dispute arose, and no one would imagine today that only a few years ago Palapwe was uninhabited. Khama, in manner and appearance, is thoroughly a gentleman, dignified and courteous. He wears well made European clothes, a bicycle, a motor car, a superior horse and a dandy cane, and he pervades everything in his country, riding about from point to point wherever his presence is required, and if he is just a little too much of a dandy it is an error in his peculiar case in the right direction.—Contemporary Review.

Teapot Collectors.

Tea was not known in England till the time of Charles II, but it is interesting to trace the gradual increase in the size of teapots, from the diminutive productions of the 17th century to the enormous size of the 19th century. In the 17th century a teapot was a small affair, and it was not until the 18th century that the teapot became a vessel which supplied Dr. Johnson with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Mr. Croker, in his edition of "Boswell's Life," mentions a teapot that belonged to Dr. Johnson, which held two quarts, but this sinks into insignificance compared with the superior magnitude of that in the possession of Mrs. Maryann of Wimbledon, who purchased it at the sale of Mrs. Pionni's effects at Streatham. This teapot, which was the one originally used by Dr. Johnson, holds more than three quarts. George IV had a large assemblage of teapots, piled in pyramids at the pavilion at Brighton. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a collector of teapots. Also Mrs. Hawes, who bequeathed 300 specimens to her daughter, Mrs. Donkin. Among them are several bequeathed to Queen Charlotte.—Salus Journal.

White Blood Absorbing the Hawaiian.

The marriage of young American men to half whites is becoming quite frequent among respectable white families in Hawaii. It is of no use for the foreign parents to turn the cold shoulder. Offspring of the half white girls are fully equal in intelligence, character and domestic virtues to those who marry them. There will be more of these marriages, and the mixed blood will improve with growing prosperity and better education, and as the primitive influences and environments decrease with the lapse of generations. Indeed one way to the Hawaiian race is now decreasing is not as much by the disappearance as by the dilution or by whitening of the blood.—New York Evening Post.

The Obliging Juryman.

Some juryman have too long an opinion of what some philosophers call their ego and are willing to devote their duties to an after ego. When Mr. Justice Gould had been about two hours trying a case at York, he noticed there was a 12 juryman in the box. "Please, my lord," replied the foreman in answer to the judge's natural inquiry, "the other has gone away about some business he had to do, but he has left his verdict with me."—London Illustrated News.

Terrible Death of an Inventor.

A chemist named Lizard met a shocking death at Melbourne recently. He was engaged in his laboratory in some experiments with a powerful explosive, which he had just succeeded in inventing after years of patient labor and at an outlay of several thousands of pounds, when the substance exploded, with the result that the unfortunate man was blown to pieces. He was found lying on the floor, his body being projected right through a wooden partition.—Melbourne Gazette.

The Rocks at the West Coast of the Island of St. Helena.

Some of the rocks at the west coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea turtles, some of them as heavy as a man, and an English steamer once took about several dozen of these sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool. But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard, after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the homelike creature had been flung back overboard.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HOW AN ENGLISHMAN LIVES.

The Whole Globe Plays Him Serving Man to Spread His Table.

Without being luxurious, the whole globe has played him serving man, or India or South Carolina the cotton, for that cloth which his wife lays upon it. The eastern islands placed there those condiments and spices which were once the secret riches of the wealthy. Australia down and him frozen mutton or canned beef, the prairies of America meat for his biscuit and pudding, and if he will eat fruit the orchards of Tasmania and the palm woods of the West Indies proffer delicious gifts, while the orange groves of Florida and of the Hesperides cheer him for his "golden apples" which dragons need to guard.

His coffee comes from where jeweled humming birds hang in the bowers of Brazil, or purple butterflies flutter amid the Javan mangroves. Great clipper ships, racing by night and day under clouds of canvas, convey to him the tea from China or Assam, or from the green Singapore hills. The sugar which sweetens it was crushed from canes that waved by the Nile or the Orinoco, and the plating of the spoon with which he stirs it was dug for him from Mexican or Nevada mines. The currants in his dumplings are a tribute from classic Greece, and his steamed salmon or kippered herring a loan from the seas and rivers of Canada or Norway. He may partake, if he will, of rice that ripened under the hot skies of Patna or Rangoon, of coconuts, that "food of the gods," plucked under the burning blue of the equator. For his rabbit of lacon the high country runs daily with 10,000 grunting victims into Chicago. Dutch or Brittany hares have laid him eggs, and Danish cows grazed the daisies of Elsinore to produce his cheese and butter.

If he drinks beer, it is odds that Belgium and Bavaria have contributed to it the barley and the hops, and when he has finished eating it will be the Mississippi flats or the gardens of the Antilles that fill for him his pipe with the comforting tobacco.—Sir Edwin Arnold in Longman's Magazine.

Requirements of the Stage.

One may say, "The requirements of success on the stage are youth, health, good vocal talents and dramatic instinct." Then it could be replied that if a person possessed this combination he or she need give himself or herself no further concern as to success. It is absolutely necessary—a secure as an income from \$50,000 of government bonds, and that to a person, just starting out on a stage career and anxious to make a good living out of it this preliminary conditions are as remote as the big bank balance to the new beginner in commercial business.

It is really the case that most of the conditions that qualify for stage success have to be worked for. This sort of instruction may not be imparted by professional teachers at so much a lesson, but it proceeds from teachers all the same, whether voluntary or involuntary, since all human beings are continually not only receiving but giving lessons.—Rosa Coghlan.

The Oldest Trees in the World.

The tree of Annapurna was planted 228 (should be 245, David) years before Christ. Its age is a matter of record, its conservatism has been an object of solicitude to several dynasties, and the story of its vicissitudes has been preserved in a series of continuous chronicles among the most authentic that have been handed down by mankind. The tree of Fountains Abbey are believed to have flourished there 1,200 years ago. The olives in the garden of Gethsemane were full grown when the Sarcenas were expelled from Jerusalem, and the type of some in Lombardy is said to have been a tree in the time of Julius Caesar, yet the tree is older than the oldest of these by a century, and would almost seem to verify the prophecy pronounced when it was planted—that it would "flourish and be green forever."—Rhys Davies "Buddhism."

THE BODY AND THE MIND.

Why the Farmer Should Be Cultivated For the Sake of the Latter.

The important subject of physical culture is not considered as it ought to be by the majority of men and women, and there is almost absolute ignorance of the makeup of the body on the part of even intelligent people, with little desire for such knowledge, although health, beauty and success depend largely on the treatment given to the body. Mental requirements are blindly worshipped, while the essential question of health receives little thought, and hence it is almost impossible to find men in the ordinary walks of active life, at middle age, who do not complain of impaired health and want of vital force.

Without a sound body one cannot have a sound mind, and unless proper attention is given to the culture of the body good health cannot be expected. Plato is said to have called a certain man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer. This is done to an alarming extent nowadays. Brain workers, as a rule, exercise no part of the body except the head, and consequently suffer from indigestion, palpitation of the heart, insomnia and other ills, which if neglected generally prove fatal. Brilliant and successful men are constantly obliged to give up work through the growing malady of nervous prostration. The number of those who succumb to it has increased to an alarming extent of late years, and there is almost no one who is not in question that this is owing to overworking the brain and the neglect of body culture.

Vitality becomes impaired and strength consumed by mental demands, which are nowadays raised to a perilous height, and it is only by careful attention to physical development and by judicious bodily exercise that the brainworker can counteract the mental strain. Women rarely consider the importance of physical culture, yet they need physical training almost more than men do. Thousands of our young women are unfit to become wives or mothers, who might be strong and beautiful if they gave a short time daily to physical development.—Lippincott's Magazine.

O. C. HINMAN,

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING.

SILVER CITY, N.W. MEXICO.

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Pinos Altos, - New Mexico, Where I shall be glad to see all my old friends and patrons and the general public. Enchiladas hot every night.

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SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY.

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EXCELLENT CUISINE.

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Every delicacy in the market, at all hours of the day.

Regular Dinner 65 cents or less.

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Try to please everyone.

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Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Private Club Room.

The pleasantest place in Central in which to spend an evening.

Headquarters for the "Boys in Blue."

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SILVER CITY, N.W. MEXICO.

BRANDS OF Southwest Cattlemen.

W. S. RANCH.

P. O. Alamo, Socorro County, N. M. Range, 88 Francisco River, 3000 ft. County.

We claim all cattle and horses branded W. S. on any part of the animal, also claim the right to the branded W. S. on both jaws.

All increase of cattle branded W. S. on left hip or right side and on both jaws. Understock each year \$1,000 REWARD.

We desire to call attention to our brands, as above described, with any \$1,000 reward the arrest and conviction of any person or persons unlawfully handling any stock in these brands.

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Range: Lower Middle. On left side of horse's head.

Additional brands on left hip, 25 cents each.

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